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# THE SALT LAKE HERALD

Published Every Day in the Year.

—By—

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**A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.**

FOR THE PROPER entertainment of the thousands of Elks and other visitors who are coming here next month, about \$25,000 will be required. Less than half of that sum has been subscribed to date. The balance of the money must be raised. Salt Lake's elvish honor is at stake. If her people have the least shadow of municipal pride now is their chance to make a demonstration.

This question is one that should be close to the heart of every Salt Laker. It does not make the least particle of difference whether you happen to be an Elk or not. That is altogether beside the case. The Elks have not brought the great grand lodge meeting to Salt Lake for their own personal and individual profit. Indeed, the members of the lodge are apt to suffer pecuniarily, at least for a time, because of the convention for the reason that every man of them will be put to considerable expense.

Of this they are making no complaint. It is right that they should bear a large share of the burden for they are entertaining their lodge brothers. More courtesy is due from an Elk to an Elk than from an outsider to an Elk. But the Elks should not be required to put up all the money and to do all the entertaining. In a sense every visitor will be a guest of the city, every citizen will be a host.

It costs money to decorate the streets, to give handsome prizes to musical organizations, to give excursions to mining camps, to the lake and the other resorts. The single item of badges means the expenditure of thousands. People outside the Elks must give a large proportion of this money.

For years Salt Lake's hospitality has been its dearest boast. All over the nation its fame has spread, and from 15,000 to 20,000 people, perhaps more, are coming here to test it. The city's reputation is at stake. More, if this convention is a failure through any fault on the part of Salt Lakers, it will be many years before another meeting of national importance assembles here.

The Herald has discussed the question thus far from the ethical standpoint. Now look at the business side. Fifteen thousand people will spend at least \$5 per day each for four days here. That makes a total of \$300,000 to be left in the local banks and business houses. This is eight times as much as the cost of entertainment. Does it look like a bad investment?

There isn't a single citizen of Salt Lake who will not profit in greater or less degree through the Elks' gathering. The money is going to be spent here; it will be spent again by those who receive it first. Eventually all of us will share it. Everybody, particularly people of means, should subscribe at once liberally.

If a proper spirit is manifested the balance desired will be raised in short order.

**A GOOD MAN GONE WRONG.**

IT IS WITH DEEPEST PAIN that The Herald notes the souring of a sweet disposition. Once there was a man whose sunny temper was a source of constant delight to his friends. We state this as a fact, for we knew him and we loved him. Indeed, we may say that we still love him, although, alas, he has strayed far from the paths where once he trod. Doubtless those who have read thus far will have recognized the man of whom we speak. He is Editor Harte of the Beaver Times. In last week's issue of his esteemed and sprightly Journal Editor Harte said:

A few weeks ago The Salt Lake Herald roasted the Beaver Republicans because they would not become parties to a non-partisan school election. And the very next week he came out strongly in support of the Democratic partisan candidate for school superintendent. This was a rather sudden reversal, but the Salt Lake editor must possess a capacity for all sorts of quick conversions.

This shows how Republicanism spells a man. When our friend Harte dwelt among us we had almost said "in our midst" — suspicion of his fellow man was as far from his heart as thoughts of treason, stratagems and spoils. That was because his associates were Democrats who rate things at their face value, never seeing ulterior motives and purposes where only honest purposes lie.

Alack, a few short months of editorship of a Republican journal has changed Editor Harte. We cannot find it in our heart to chide him. Rather would we take him gently by the hand, as one would take an erring child, and give him kind admonishment.

"The Salt Lake editor must possess a capacity for all sorts of quick conversions," he says. Fie, fie, and again, fie. Perhaps fudge, also. Mental acrobatics are the exclusive property of Republicans these days, Brother Harte. We have no desire to trespass upon their preserves. And why, forsooth, is The Herald inconsistent when it advocates non-partisanship in public school affairs and then advocates the election of a Democrat?

The Herald had no choice in the matter. The Democrat was the better man and The Herald supported him not because he was a Democrat, but for the sole and only reason that he was the better man. Surely, Brother Harte, it is possible for a man to be a competent school superintendent and a Democrat at the same time.

But let the veil be drawn. Our grief

over the ruined disposition of our friend is a matter that should be displayed to the vulgar gaze of the public. We will only say, as the veil drops, that if Brother Harte will only come back and come a-running, all will be forgiven.

**ROBERTSON'S SUCCESSOR.**

THE HERALD is always willing to give credit where credit is due, even though a Republican council is involved. Unfortunately, it has been impossible for The Herald, which prides itself on its veracity, to say much that was good about the present aggregation of city fathers. Last night, however, the council did one of the brighter things in its existence. That council in the election of T. R. Black to fill the vacancy caused in the Fifth precinct by the resignation of A. A. Robertson.

Of course, a Republican had to be elected. This being true, The Herald is free to say no better choice could have been made. Although an earnest and consistent Republican, Mr. Black is a broad-minded, liberal citizen. Further, he is a business man of sterling and recognized ability. It is needless to say that he will command the respect and the confidence of his colleagues, irrespective of party, from the very beginning.

It is most regrettable that there are not more men like Mr. Black in the council. The office is a dignified and honorable one, and only the very best timber should be used there. It is to be hoped that the example of personal sacrifice set by Mr. Black will be followed by other business men as the occasions arise, and in the end we may have a council of which all citizens, irrespective of party, may be proud.

**DEMOCRATS AT SALT LAKE.**

THIS IS THE DAY Democrats are going to be thicker at Salt Lake than rows in a Republican council meeting. That, by the way, is saying a good deal. The Utah Democratic club and the Woman's Democratic club have joined in giving a state outing. Nobody is barred. The unregenerate Republican will be given a warm welcome in the hope that he may be washed in the Democratic waters and come forth cleansed of all political sin. So will it be with those of other faiths.

For the benefit of some who may hesitate, The Herald is authorized to announce that the speeches will be brief and the festivities plentiful. A rumor reached the city yesterday that the sand around the pavilion had been dredged away in order that the tallest Democrat in the state may have a chance to bathe. Life preservers will be furnished to all who care to venture out to the deep, and the little boys have been instructed not to fish too close to the bathers. So there will be no danger of becoming entangled with hooks.

Salt Lakers don't have to be told that the prettiest girls are the Democratic girls. Anybody who is properly introduced will be granted the opportunity to dance with one of the fair ones, provided she wants to dance. There are many other inducements which The Herald would be pleased to chronicle if it had as much vacant space in its columns as many of its Republican friends have in their heads.

So come one, come all: walk right up, ladies and gentlemen, children and Republicans. Secure your tickets early and avoid the rush. Remember that though Democrats have warm welcomes, it is going to be cool at the lake today. Don't sweeter in the hot city when, for the pitiful sum of two bits, 25 cents, a quarter of a dollar, you can escape from the municipal furnace. Go as early as you can and stay as late as you please, and if you don't come home satisfied call at The Herald office and receive a year's subscription to the best paper in the intermountain country for only \$10.

Chicago footpads are a peculiarly obnoxious lot. Not many months ago a couple of them held up a newspaper man. This in itself was an indication of insanity. One of the highwaymen was killed and the other captured right then and there. Sunday night two more gentlemen of the road held up a private detective. He killed one and captured the other. This should set back the footpad industry in the Illinois metropolis a considerable distance.

It would be rather a good joke on the Vatican if the United States expelled the friars from the Philippines without any compensation whatever. Competent judges say this can be done without any violation of the terms of the treaty of Paris.

Senator Stewart was in Salt Lake yesterday en route to his "home" in Nevada. As the senator's term does not expire for several years, it is difficult to understand why he should be going "home" now.

Chief Paul's action in preventing the sale of intoxicants in the restaurants and drug stores on Sunday was eminently proper. All dealers in intoxicants should and must be treated exactly alike.

Admiral Watson says the English are a well balanced people. Still, their balances are not as well as those of the American people. The admiral might have been if the coronation had been pulled off according to schedule.

Friends of the Sunday saloon will find an argument for their side in the case of the New York saloon man who was killed Sunday for refusing to sell intoxicants to a thirsty crowd.

Reports say the president passed a quiet Sunday. That means that he didn't ride more than seventy-five miles horseback, or chop down over a dozen trees.

The skeleton of the largest dinosaur that ever scared a prehistoric child has been discovered in Wyoming. It does seem to be mighty hard to keep that state down.

Chicago Record-Herald: Ethel-George has told me that he will kill himself if I don't consent to be his. What shall I do?

Her Mother—Wait, my child, and see how you will know that he is not worthy of your love.

Chicago News: Stubb—They say the first surf bath shocks some people.

Penn—Did you know that Stubb—Water cold?

Penn—No, my bathing suit began to shrink.

**THE SALT LAKE HERALD, TUESDAY, JULY 22, 1902**

# THE IDAN-HA HOTEL

BY MAURICE THOMPSON

**CHAPTER VIII.**

**The Dilemma of Captain Helm.**

On the water after a long and torturing captivity in the open air, plunged into the forest with anticipations of lively adventure and made his way toward the Wea plains. It was his purpose to get a boat at the village of Oulatenon and pull thence up the Wabash until he could find out what the English were doing. He chose for his companions on this dangerous expedition two expert coureurs de bois, Dutremble and Jacques Bailoup. Fifty miles up the river they fell in with some friendly Indians, well known to them all, who were returning from the portage.

The savages informed them that there were no signs of English advance in that quarter. Some of them had been as far as the St. Joseph river and to within a short distance of Detroit, without seeing a white man or hearing of any suspicious movements on the part of Hamilton. So back came Captain Helm with his pleasant report, much disappointed that he had not been able to stir up some sort of trouble.

It was Helm's turn to laugh.

"What did I tell you?" he cried, in a jolly mood, slapping Beverley on the shoulder. "I told you that I would take it was all a big story with nothing in it. What on earth would the English be thinking about to march an army away off down here, only to get killed by a stockade and a lot of gabbling parly-voos?"

Beverley, while he did not feel quite as confident as his chief, was not sorry that things looked a little brighter than he had feared they would turn out to be. Secretly, and without acknowledging it to himself, he was delighted with the life he was living. The Arcadian atmosphere of Vincennes clothed him in its mists and dreams. No matter what way the weather blew its breath, cold or warm, cloudy or fair, rain or snow, the peace of his soul remained. His nature seemed to hold all of its sterner and fiercer traits in abeyance while he domiciled himself absolutely within his narrow and monotonous environment. The day after the river house a new content, like a soft and diffused sweetness, had crept through his blood with a vague, tingling sense of joy.

He began to walk about rather aimlessly in the town's narrow streets, with the mud-daubed cabins on either hand. The simple life under low, thatched roofs had a charm. When a door was opened he could see a fire of logs on the ample hearth shooting its yellow tongues up the sooty chimney-throat. Soft creaks of voices murmured and sang, or jangled petticoats and domestic discords. Women in scant petticoats, leggings and moccasins swept snow from the squat verandas, or fed the pigs in little sties behind the cabins. Everybody, it seemed, was busy. Monsieur, comment allez-vous? as he went by, always accompanying the verbal salute with a graceful wave of the hand.

When he walked early in the morning a waft of broiling game and browning corn smokes was abroad. Pots and kettles occupied the hearths with glowing coals based around and under. The dogs whined at the doors until the menial remnants were tossed out to them in the front yard.

But it was always a glimpse of Alice that must count for everything in Beverley's reckonings, albeit he would have strenuously denied it. True he went to Roussillon place almost every day, to a fixed part of his well-ordered habit, and had a talk with her. Sometimes, when Dame Roussillon was very busy and so quite off her guard, they read together in a novel or certain parts of the old volume of Montaigne. This was done more for the sweetness of disobedience than to enjoy the already familiar pages.

Now and again he repeated their fencing bout, but never with the result which followed the first. Beverley soon mastered Alice's tricks and showed her that, after all, masculine muscle is not to be discounted at its own game. By even the most wonderful womanly strength and suppleness. She struggled bravely to hold her advantage ground once gained, but the inevitable was not to be avoided. At last, one howling winter day, he disarmed her by the very trick that she had shown him. Then, and only then, did they reach the end of the play and they ran shivering into the house.

"Ah," she cried, "it isn't fair. You are so much bigger than I; you have so much longer arms; so much more weight and power. It is all against me. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" She was rosy with the exhilarating exercise and the biting of the frosty breeze. Her beauty gave forth a new ray.

Deep in her heart she was pleased to have him master her so superbly; but as the days passed she never said so, never gave over trying to make him feel the touch of her foil. She did not know that her eyes were getting through his guard, that her dimples were stabbing him to the heart, that she was being drawn to him by a magnetic force which she could not resist.

"You have other advantages," he replied, "which far overbalance my greater stature and stronger muscles." Then after a pause he added: "After all, a girl must be a girl."

Something in his face, something in her heart, startled her so that she made a quick little move like that of a restless bird.

"You are beautiful and that makes my eyes and my hand uncertain," he went on. "Were I fencing with a man there would be no glamour."

He spoke in English, which he did not often do in conversation with her. It was a sign that he was somewhat wrought upon. She followed his rapid words with difficulty, but she caught from them a new note of feeling. He saw a little pale face shoot across her face and thought she was angry.

"You should be using your eyes to distract my vision," he quickly added, with a light laugh. "It would be no worse for me to throw my hat in your face."

His attempt at levity was obviously weak; she looked straight into his eyes, with the steady gaze of a simple, earnest nature shocked by a current quite strange to it. She did not understand him, and she did not. A hundred shreds of impression received from him during their recent growing intimacy. He was a patrician, as she vaguely made him out; a man of wealth, whose family was great. He belonged among people of gentle birth and high attainments. She magnified him so that he was difficult in her imagination to be reduced to comprehend as a mist in the morning air—and as beautiful.

"You make fun of me," she said, very deliberately, letting her eyes droop; then she looked up again suddenly and continued, with a certain naive expression of disappointment gathering in her face. "I have been too free with my eyes. Father Bert told me not to forget my dignity when in your company. He told me you might misinterpret me. I don't care; I shall not fence with you again." She laughed, but there was no joyous freedom in the sound.

"Why, Alice, my dear Miss Roussillon, you do me a wrong. I beg a thousand pardons if I've hurt you," he cried, stepping nearer to her, "and I can never forgive myself. You have somehow misunderstood me. I know you have!"

On his part it was exaggerating a

**Society**

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Snyder entertained at dinner last night in honor of Mrs. S. P. Taft of St. Louis. The table decorations were American Beauties, an immense vase of which was the centerpiece. Covers were laid for twelve.

It is you who have misunderstood me," she replied, smiling brightly now, but with just a faint, pensive touch of regret, or self-blame, lingering in her voice. "Father Bert said you would. I did not believe him; but—"

"And you shall not believe him," said Beverley. "I do not misunderstand you. There has been nothing. You have treated me kindly and with beautiful friendliness. You have not done or said anything to offend me, or to cause anybody else could criticize. And if I have said or done the least thing to trouble you I repudiate it—I did not mean it. Now you believe me, don't you?"

He seemed to be falling into the habit of speaking to her in English. She understood it somewhat imperfectly, especially when in an earnest mood, but she rushed his words together as if they had been soldiers he was leading at the charge—step against an enemy. His manner convinced her, even though his dialect fell short.

"Then we'll talk about something else," she said, laughing naturally now, and retreating to a chair by the hearthside. "I want you to tell me all about yourself and your family, your home and everything."

She seated herself with an air of conscious aplomb and motioned him to take a distant stool.

"I was born a great heap of dry logs in the fireplace, with pointed flames shooting out of its crevices and leaping into the gloomy, cave-like throat of the stove. Out of the chimney I was blown across the roof and belovied in the chimney top."

Beverley drew the stool near Alice, who, with a charmed smile, used as a poker, was thrusting at the glowing crevices and sending showers of sparks aloft.

"Why, there wouldn't be much to tell," he said, as he told secure again. "Our home is a big old mansion named Beverley hall on a hill among trees, and half surrounded with slave cabins. It overlooks the plantation in the valley, where a little river goes wandering on its way." He was speaking French and she followed him easily now, her eyes beginning to fling out their natural sunny beams of intelligence. "I was born twenty-six years ago and haven't done much of anything since. You see before you, Mademoiselle, a very undistinguished person, who failed to do anything to accomplish the dream of his boyhood, which was to be a great artist like Raphael or Angelo. Instead of being famous, I am but a poor lieutenant in the forces of Virginia."

"You have a mother, father, brothers and sisters?" she interrogated. She did not understand his allusion to the great artist, but she knew nothing. She had never before heard of them. She leaned the poker against the chimney jamb and turned her face toward him.

"Mother, father and one sister," he said. "No brothers. We were a happy little group. But my sister married and lives in Baltimore. I am here. Father and mother are alone in the old house. I am terribly homesick."

He was silent a moment, then he added: "But you are selfish, you make me do all the telling. Now I want you to give me a little of your story, Mary-Ann, beginning as I did, at the first."

"But I can't," she replied, with childlike frankness. "For I don't know where I was born, nor what my father's name, nor who I am. You see how different it is with me. I am called Alice Roussillon, but I suppose my name is Alice Tarleton; if it is not certain, however, there is very little to help out the story. Here is all the proof there is. I don't know that it is worth anything."

She took off her locket and handed it to him.

He handled it rather indifferently, for he was just then studying the fine lines of her face. But in a moment he was interested.

"Tarleton, Tarleton," he repeated. Then he turned the little disc of gold over and saw the enameled drawing on the back—a crest clearly outlined. He started. The crest was quite familiar.

"Where did you get this?" he demanded in English, and with such rapidity that she was startled.

"Where did it come from?"

"I have always had it."

"Always? It's the Tarleton crest. Do you belong to that family?"

"Indeed, I do not know. Papa Roussillon says he thinks I do."

"Well, this is strange and interesting," said Beverley, rather to himself than addressing her. He looked from the miniature of the crest and back to the miniature again, then at Alice. "I tell you this is strange," he repeated, with emphasis. "It is exceedingly strange."

Her cheeks flushed quickly under their soft brown, and her eyes flashed with excitement.

"Yes, I know," her voice fluttered; her hands were clasped in her lap. She leaned toward him eagerly. "It is strange. I have thought about it a great deal."

"Alice Tarleton; that is right; Alice is a name of the family. Lady Alice Tarleton was the mother of the first Sir Garnett Tarleton, who came over in the time of Yarlley. It's a great family. One of the oldest and best in Virginia." He looked at her now with a gaze of concentrated interest, under which her eyes fell. "Why, this is romantic," he exclaimed, "absolutely romantic. And you just now told me you came by this locket? You don't know who was your father, your mother?"

"I do not know anything."

"And what does Monsieur Roussillon know?"

"Just as little."

"But how came he to be taking you and caring for you? He must know how he got you, where he got you, whom he got you. Surely he knows."

"Oh, I know all that. I was 12 years old when Papa Roussillon took me, eight years ago. I had been having a hard life, and he said I must have died. I was a captive among the Indians. He took me and has cared for me and taught me. He has been very, very good to me. I love him dearly."

"And don't you remember anything at all about when, where, how the Indians got you?"

"No," she shook her head and seemed to be trying to recollect something. "No, I just remember, and yet there has always been something like a dream in my mind, which I could not quite get hold of. I know that I am not a Catholic. I vaguely remember a sweet woman who taught me to pray like this: 'Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.'"

And Alice went on through the beautiful and perfect prayer, which she repeated in English with infinite sweetness and solemnity, her eyes uplifted, her hands clasped before her. Beverley could have sworn that she was a shining saint, and that he saw an aureole.

"I know," she continued, "that sometime, somewhere, to a very dear person I promised that I never, never, never would pray any prayer but that. And I remember almost nothing else about that other life, which is far off back yonder in the past. I don't know where—sweet, peaceful, shadowy, dreamy that I have all but lost from my mind."

(To be continued tomorrow.)

## LAST WEEK OF THE BLOCKADE SHOE SALE

Ladies' \$3, \$4 and \$5 Oxfords gathered from lines broken during sale. Not all sizes in every lot, but all sizes in the whole lot. Any pair—

# \$1.00

We close at 6 p. m., except Saturdays.

## Paris MONEY BACK SHOES

### SALT PALACE THEATRE.

Week commencing Monday, July 21.

**BIGGER, BETTER THAN EVER**  
MISS GRACIE HUTCHISON, in illustrated songs.  
MISS SADIE HART, song and dance.  
THEO LA JESS, flying Spanish rings.  
MISS MCKAY, contortionist and acrobatic feats.  
LEON CLARK, extemporaneous singing.  
COMEL LA JESS in living pictures.  
4-KUHN BROS.—4, buck and wing and musicals. (Mr. Frank Kuhn introducing his acrobatic buck and wing first time in Salt Lake.)

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(To be continued tomorrow.)

## THE DENVER & RIO GRANDE AND THE RIO GRANDE WESTERN

**Current Time Table.**  
In Effect April 1, 1902.

**LEAVE SALT LAKE CITY.**

No. 2—For Grand Junction, Denver and all points east. 8:30 a.m.  
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points east. 10:30 a.m.  
No. 6—For Panguitch, Tropic, Hatch, Alamosa, Montrose, Durango and intermediate. 12:30 p.m.  
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Provo and intermediate. 2:30 p.m.  
No. 10—For Ogden and all intermediate points. 4:30 p.m.  
No. 12—From Ogden and all intermediate points. 6:30 p.m.  
No. 14—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east. 8:30 a.m.  
No. 16—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east. 10:30 a.m.  
No. 18—From Ogden and the west. 12:30 p.m.  
No. 20—From Ogden and the west. 2:30 p.m.  
No. 22—From Ogden and the west. 4:30 p.m.  
No. 24—From Ogden and the west. 6:30 p.m.  
No. 26—From Ogden and the west. 8:30 p.m.  
No. 28—From Ogden and the west. 10:30 p.m.  
No. 30—From Ogden and the west. 12:30 a.m.

**ARRIVE SALT LAKE CITY.**

No. 1—From Ogden and all intermediate points. 8:30 a.m.  
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east. 10:30 a.m.  
No. 5—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east. 12:30 p.m.  
No. 7—From Panguitch, Tropic, Hatch, Alamosa, Montrose, Durango and intermediate. 2:30 p.m.  
No. 9—From Eureka, Payson, Provo and intermediate. 4:30 p.m.  
No. 11—From Ogden and all intermediate points. 6:30 p.m.  
No. 13—From Ogden and all intermediate points. 8:30 p.m.  
No. 15—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east. 10:30 p.m.  
No. 17—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east. 12:30 a.m.

**Time Table In Effect April 1, 1902**

From Ogden, ARRIVE, BUTTE, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, 8:30 a.m.  
From Ogden, BUTTE, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, 10:30 a.m.  
From Ogden, BUTTE, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, 12:30 p.m.  
From Ogden, BUTTE, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, 2:30 p.m.  
From Ogden, BUTTE, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, 4:30 p.m.  
From Ogden, BUTTE, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, 6:30 p.m.  
From Ogden, BUTTE, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, 8:30 p.m.  
From Ogden, BUTTE, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, 10:30 p.m.  
From Ogden, BUTTE, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, 12:30 a.m.

**DEPART.**

For Ogden, BUTTE, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, 8:30 a.m.  
For Ogden, BUTTE, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, 10:30 a.m.  
For Ogden, BUTTE, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, 12:30 p.m.  
For Ogden, BUTTE, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, 2:30 p.m.  
For Ogden, BUTTE, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, 4:30 p.m.  
For Ogden, BUTTE, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, 6:30 p.m.  
For Ogden, BUTTE, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, 8:30 p.m.  
For Ogden, BUTTE, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, 10:30 p.m.  
For Ogden, BUTTE, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, 12:30 a.m.

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